

TAKEN AT HER WORD.

He came and asked me for my love,
And said that his devotion
Would most indubitably prove
As boundless as the ocean.
But I was young and fair and gay;
My life was like a summer's day;
And this was all that I would say,
"You'd better ask Pepita."

His form was fine, and oh, his face
Recalled the young Leander,
And for his peer in manly grace
Go back to Alexander.
But dainty had turned my head,
And when he urged that I would wed,
Coquettishly again I said,
"You'd better ask Pepita."

And then—I've heard of course that man
Is fickle and peculiar,
Ranging from Elipso to Ann,
From Ann to Jane or Julia.
But if I'er had thought that he
Would so extremely dote be,
I never should have said—ah me!
He'd better ask Pepita.
—C. W. Thayer, in Harper's Magazine.

HOW THE MANAGER OF THE B. & A. SAVED ANTIOCH.

AT Buckhorn Junction, Joe Durks, who combined the duties of telegraph operator with those of baggage master and ticket agent, was at his table receiving a message when Dan Oakley walked into the office. He had just stepped from the Chicago express. "What's the latest word from Antioch, Joe?" he asked, hurriedly.

"The message was that a strong north wind was blowing, and that the town was pretty certain to burn unless the engines and hose reached there tonight, but they have been saying that for two days, and the wind's always changed at the right moment and driven the fire back."

Dan glanced along the track, and saw the relief train, consisting of an engine, tender and two flat cars, loaded with hose and fire engines, on one of the sidings.

"Look here!" he cried. "You must get a fireman for me, and I'll take out the train myself."

He wondered why he had not thought of this before.

"I guess I'll manage to reach Antioch," he added. "Here, throw in some coal," he ordered, opening the furnace door.

Dan Oakley knew he might ride into Antioch on his engine none the worse for the trip, except for a few burns, but there was the possibility of a more tragic ending. Still, whatever the result, he would have done his full part.

"Now, where's that fireman? Any man who knows enough to shovel coal will do," he said.

"But no one will want to take such long chances, Mr. Oakley. Baker said it was just plain suicide."

"Confound it," and Dan swore like a brakeman out of temper, in the bad, thoughtless manner of his youth.

At the same moment a heavy, slouching figure emerged from the shadow at the opposite end of the freight car, and came hesitatingly toward the two men. Then a voice said, in gentle admonition:

"Don't swear so, Dan. It ain't right. I'll go with you."

It was his father.

Dan turned to his father and said earnestly: "Do you know what it means if you are arrested? Have you thought of that?"

Roger Oakley waived the query aside as though it concerned him not at all.

"I want to be with you," he said, wistfully. "You may not get through alive, and I want to be with you. You'll need me. There's no one you can trust as you can me, for I won't fail you, no matter what the danger is. And there's the girl, Dannie. Have you thought of her?"

Dan set his lips. "My God, I can't think of anything else."

There was a moment's silence.

Dan made a last appeal to his father.

"Won't you listen to what I say?" sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper.

"They'll hang you—do you hear? If ever they lay hands on you, they will show you no mercy."

Roger Oakley merely smiled as he answered, with gentle composure: "I don't think we need to worry about that. We are in His hands, Dannie," and he raised his face to the heavens.

Dan groaned.

"Come, then," he said, aloud. Father and son stepped to the engine. The old convict mounted heavily to his post, and Dan sprang after him, his hand groping for the throttle lever. There was the hiss of steam and Joe cried from the darkness: "All right, come ahead!" And the engine, with its tender and two cars, began its hazardous journey. Dan kept his eyes fastened on the rails, which showed plainly in the jerky glare of the headlight. It was well to be careful while care was possible. By-and-by he would have to throw aside all caution and trust to chance. Now he increased his speed, and the insistent thud of the wheels drowned every other sound, even the far-off roar of the flames. At his back, at intervals, a ruddy glow shot upward into the night, when Roger Oakley threw open the furnace door to pass in coal. Save for this it was still quite dark in the cab, where Dan sat with his hand on the throttle lever and watched the yellow streak that ran along the rails in advance of the engine. Suddenly the wall of light ahead brightened visibly, and its glare filled the cab. They were nearing the fire.

Dan jammed the little window at his elbow open and put out his head. A hot blast roared past him, and the heat of the fire was in his face. He drew the window shut. It was light as day in the cab now. . . . All in a second and they were in the burning woods, rushing beneath trees that were blazing to their very summits.

The track seemed to shake and tremble in the fierce light and fiercer heat. Burning leaves and branches were caught up to be whirled in fiery eddies back down the rails as the train tore along. For Dan was hitting her up.

Tongues of fire struck across at the two men. Smoke and fine white ashes filled their mouths and nostrils. Their bodies seemed to bake. They had been streaming wet with perspiration a moment before.

Off in the forest it was possible to see for miles. Every tree and bush stood forth distinct and separate.

Roger Oakley put down his shovel for an instant to fill a bucket with water from the tank on the tender. He plunged his head and arms in it and splashed the rest over his clothes. Dan turned to him for the last time.

"It isn't far now," he panted. "Just around the next curve and we'll see the town, if it's still there, off in the valley."

The old convict did not catch more than the half of what he said, but he smiled and nodded his head.

As they swung around the curve a dead sycamore, which the fire had girdled at the base, crashed across the track. The engine plunged into its top, rolled it over once and tossed it aside. There was the smashing of glass and the ripping of leather as the sycamore's limbs raked the cab, and Roger Oakley uttered a hoarse cry, a cry Dan did not hear, but he turned, spitting dust and cinders from his lips, and saw the old convict still standing, shovel in hand, in the narrow gangway that separated the engine and tender.

He had set the whistle shrieking, and it cut high above the roar of the flames, for, off in the distance, under a canopy of smoke, he saw the lights of Antioch shining among the trees.

Two minutes later and they were running smoothly through the yards, with the brakes on and the hiss of escaping steam. As they slowed up beside the depot Dan sank down on the seat in the cab, limp and exhausted. He was vaguely conscious that the platform was crowded with people, and that they were yelling at him excitedly and waving their hats, but he heard their cries only indifferently. His ears were dead to everything except the noise of his engine, which still echoed in his tired brain.

He staggered to his feet, and was about to descend from the cab when he saw that his father was lying face down on the iron shelf between the engine and tender. He stooped and raised him gently in his arms.

The old convict opened his eyes and looked up into his face, his lips parted as if he were about to speak, but no sound came from them. From "The Manager of the B. & A.," by Vaughan Kester, Harper & Brothers.

Some Points About Walking.

The best exercise in the world is walking, and this is the most suitable season of the year for taking it.

A person who knows how to walk intelligently can get along without a gymnasium. No other form of exercise brings so many muscles into play and develops them so normally.

The most popular games are those in which walking forms a prominent part. Golf, croquet, and in a sense cricket, and even bicycling, merely give an excuse for walking one way or another.

Every one should know how to walk properly. It is because of carelessness that so many walk badly. The body should be carried erect, the chest well out, the head back, while the arms should swing freely at the sides.

The pace should be regulated to one's strength. Every one should walk fast enough and far enough to get the best, in a comfortable glow.

To get the best results from walking one should give his undivided attention to it. In other words, he should walk for the pleasure of it, and not carry worries with him. Exercise walking is injurious. Never walk just after a heavy meal or after violent exercise. And after a walk it is well to rest for ten or fifteen minutes before taking up severe mental work. —London Express.

The Physician's Orders.

Sir James Paget, the great physician, who died not long ago, used to cite a case of his as an illustration of how important it is to follow the physician's instructions in even the minutest details. He had performed a dangerous operation on a patient, and had given strict orders that he was not to be disturbed in even the slightest particular, as his recovery would depend on absolute rest of body. A nurse, a few hours later, disregarding this order, gave the patient a cracker for which he had asked. The patient ate it, and in doing so scattered a few crumbs in the bed. One of these got under his back and tickled him, and he moved his body to escape it. But the movement made one of the ligatures slip, and the patient died in consequence. Sir James said that the little crumb killed the man.

The Kaiser's Engagement Ring.

As the Emperor was driving a few days ago from Gudvangen to Stalheim in Norway a gold ring slipped unobserved from his finger. It was afterward picked up by a stable boy, who handed it to the hotelkeeper, who in turn restored it to His Majesty. On the following day, as the Emperor was driving back to Gudvangen, he presented the coachman with a note for fifty kronen as a reward. The coachman at once declared that it was not he but the stable boy had found the ring. The Emperor at once pulled out a second note for the stable boy, and explained: "I am so extremely glad to have recovered the ring, for it was my engagement ring." —London News.

THE EDIBLE SEA MOSSES

ONE RESOURCE AGAINST A FAILING FOOD SUPPLY.

Dulse and Its Use—In the Far East This Class of Plants is Utilized on a Much Larger Scale—Small But Growing Industry on Our Coasts.

The sombre prediction of Malthus that the time is not far off when the growing population of the world will pass the available food supply, becomes less plausible every day through the growth of our knowledge respecting the possibility of utilizing the resources of the sea. That the amount of fish food is inexhaustible has long been known. It is now becoming evident that in the humble sea-weed humanity has a store of wholesome and palatable food which will equal any demand for centuries yet to come. In the last five years considerable progress has been made in the use of the algae and other forms of marine vegetation. Experiments thus far have simply followed the lines laid down by the peasantry of Ireland and Scotland. Here from time immemorial there has been a large use of at least ten different genera of sea-mosses, which are usually summed up under the term "Irish moss." The older and better word is dulse, which is an abbreviated form from two Celtic words, meaning water leaf. The most popular dulse is the kind found near Carrageen, in the Waterford district of Ireland. From the name of the town has come the name of the moss, "carrageen," and from this in turn the scientific name for the mucilage, "carrageenin," which is a leading constituent of the leaf. Next to carrageen are the crawl-dulse, the sand-dulse, and the pepper-dulse or Northern Ireland and Western Scotland. These contain mucilage, and also small amounts of starch, digestible cellulose, and an appreciable amount of essential oil. The pepper dulse of Scotland, when carefully dried and stored, has a pleasant, warm flavor, which is supposed to be of medicinal value.

In Iceland several varieties of dulse are largely used by the people, and are known as Iceland moss. The mucilage is here mingled with small percentage of albumenoids, which render it a better food than the carrageen. During the first half of the century Iceland moss was regarded as a specific for coughs and colds, and large quantities were exported to Great Britain and the United States. Even to-day, in old-fashioned drug-stores, Iceland moss drops and Iceland moss candy may be had for those suffering from pulmonary troubles. Dulse in the British Isles is used in four ways. The first is to eat it raw. This practice is confined chiefly to the Irish proper. Employed in this manner, it is supposed to purify the blood and to prevent fevers. The second mode is to dry it in the sun and afterwards to boil it for a long period, either alone or with herbs. A third is to pickle it, and a fourth is to grind it, boil, and extract the mucilage.

In the far East this class of plants is utilized on a much larger scale. The Chinese, Koreans, Japanese, Siberians, and even the Aleuts consume vast quantities. The oldest use to which it is put is to cut it up, boil, and ferment the resulting liquor. It produces a mild beer of rather a pleasant flavor and very slightly intoxicating. The Japanese have given the matter great thought and have developed several profitable industries upon these mosses as a basis. In one, the mosses are cleaned, macerated, rubbed through sieves, and the resulting milky fluid boiled down to what they call vegetable gelatin. It has been styled marine peetin by English and American officers and is referred to in many consular reports. It is put up in long sticks like macaroni, and is translucent white in tint, brittle in texture, odorless, and always colorless in appearance. It is used in made dishes, desserts, and above all in confectionery. In another industry the mucilage is extracted and put upon the market in small cakes, which sell at about the same price as starch—from one to three cents a pound. Even at the first figure, one cent, there is a reasonable profit to the manufacturer.

In "The Imperial Book Upon Foods," a curious volume issued by the Chinese Government, over forty mosses and sea lichens are recommended for food purposes, and instructions given respecting their preparation. In general they are washed so as to remove all sand and shells. They are then cut up and stored. When they are to be used they are boiled for several hours and strained. The filtrate is not thrown away, but is treated with another preparation, again filtered, and the liquid evaporated. The first filtration saves about twenty-five per cent, and the second forty per cent. The solid from the first operation ranges from a pure mucilage to a mucilage mixed with albuminoids and starch. The solid from the second operation contains a little mucilage and starch, considerable soluble starch, and the major part of dextrine and grape sugar.

In our own country a small but growing industry is being developed on the coasts of Maine and Massachusetts. Four varieties of dulse are collected, of which the best and the most popular is the sponge dulse, which ranges from light yellow to yellow mixed with purple. This when dried becomes pale gray, yellow, or pink. The natives boil it for half an hour, strain it through a colander, add milk and thus make a very appetizing and nutritious pudding similar to blanc-mange. They also employ it as a thickening for sauces, and flavored

with a little lemon and hard-boiled eggs as a sauce for fishes.

Importance of Waterways.

The great reason behind the projected ship canal through Nicaragua or the Isthmus of Panama is not one relating to naval movements, but the fact that goods may be transported by water more easily and more cheaply than over land. Familiar examples show the difference. Two mules can readily draw a hundred tons of coal in a canal boat, but on land they would have difficulty in drawing three or four tons in a coal cart. The wind, which costs nothing, can move a boat of great size, but wagons and railroad trains cannot move except at considerable expense. Water-carried freights, therefore, the world over are cheap, and land freights are dear. Pittsburgh coal and Lake Superior ores are near together because they can be transported a great part of the distance by water. Stove coal is usually cheap where it can go by water, and dear where it has to be carried by rail. The commercial view of the Panama Canal, therefore, is the important one.

Longevity in Warm Climates.

A medical authority has discovered that more people over 100 years old are found in mild climates than in the higher altitudes. According to the last census of the German empire of a population of 55,000,000 only seventy-eight had passed the 100th year. France, with a population of 40,000,000, has 213 centenarians. In England there are 146, in Ireland 578, and in Scotland forty-six. Sweden has ten and Norway twenty-three. Belgium five, Denmark two, Switzerland none. Spain, with a population of 18,000,000, has 401 persons over 100 years of age. Of the 2,250,000 inhabitants of Serbia, 575 have passed the century mark. It is said that the oldest living person is Bruno Cotrim, born in Africa and now living in Rio Janeiro. He is 150 years old. A coachman in Moscow has lived for 140 years.

Boston's Melancholy Dining.

As for orchestras in restaurants, don't we here in Boston need the influence when we are dining out? In London they are crusading against it, because it impedes conversation, and there is will probably be a thing of the past before many more seasons roll by. But really it does not impede anything with us in Boston. We are too much inclined to stiffness and to taking our dining and luncheon in restaurants as a serious rite—"it is to eat," not to laugh and talk and be, for only once in a while, deliciously indiscreet in an inspired moment. They may do that in Paris and even in New York, but when one of our citizens attempts to indulge in such antics in any Boston restaurant he is "turned down" either by his vis-a-vis or some other fellows.—Boston Transcript.

Ships as They Are "Manned."

The influences of improved appliances in marine engineering has been very marked in the past fifty years, for where in 1854 it required 7.69 men per 100 tons of shipping, in 1900 it required less than three and a half men. The economy resulting from inventions follows in all lines of operation, particularly in fuel, which has fallen from five pounds of coal per horse power per hour to under one and a half pounds, and a corresponding increase in the speed, so that, with the reduction in space required for coal, much more cargo can be carried. Where it cost nearly four cents to carry a ton of grain one mile on sea, it can now be delivered for about one-fiftieth part of that sum.—Scientific American.

Eating House "Manners."

Close to Washington Market is one of the best-known though unpretentious of New York's eating houses. On Sunday evenings, especially in the summer, many women and children are among the patrons. The manners of the men are noticeably informal. Scores wear their hats at table, others come in coatless, but recently one prosperous looking man "went the limit," to quote the waiter who served him. Throwing coat and hat on a chair, he next took off cuffs, collar and tie, depositing them in his hat. Then, lighting a cigarette, he nonchalantly puffed smoke at his neighbors, and certainly put the shirt-waist man and the bicyclist at an adjoining table in the shade.—New York Times.

Lord Rosebery's Jest.

An amusing incident was witnessed in the House of Lords. Lord Stanmore, a peer of uncertain political allegiance, had suffered an ostentatious rebuff from the Prime Minister. His fate enlisted the sympathy of Lord Rosebery, who genially suggested that after the coughs and sneers of the Premier Lord Stanmore might do worse than gravitate toward the opposition side of the House. At the moment Lord Stanmore happened to be sitting on one of the cross benches, on hearing the ex-Premier's invitation he at once, and apparently in some alarm, transferred his quarters to the Ministerial side. "Ah," said Lord Rosebery, comically, "another disappointment!" —Liverpool Post.

A Luxurious Traveler.

Cecil Rhodes never does anything by halves. When he came over to England by the last mail from South Africa, besides other specially provided comforts, he was accompanied by his own chef, his own poultry and his own cow.—The Outlook.

Archie, the huge elephant that carried the Prince of Wales through India during his visit there, nearly thirty years ago, died recently near London. The animal was over seventy years old.

FOR SALE.

Several tracts of land near Brightwood and Takoma, also Building Lots on Brightwood Ave., and 14th Street road. Louis P. Shoemaker, 920 F St., N. W.

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN is a permanent institution—a fixture at the National Capital. Thousands and thousands of people can testify to the good work it has accomplished during the past five years in the line of suburban improvement. It is the only newspaper in the District of Columbia that maintains a purchasing bureau, whose duty it is to punch up the authorities and keep them awake to the needs of the suburbs. On that account it deserves and is receiving substantial encouragement.

Crabs Crabs Crabs Crabs

Get 'em at...
BEITZELL'S CRAB HOUSE,
Lower end of Board Walk,
CHESAPEAKE BEACH, MD.
Fresh caught and fresh cooked daily.
Crabbing and fishing tackle always on hand.

You'll find everything on the SQUARE at the

Triangle House

15th and H Sts., N. E.
H. J. SENAY, Proprietor.

Cars on the Columbia line stop almost in front of the door and transfer tickets either way are good for 15 minutes, to enable passengers to get refreshments and a free lunch at Senay's well stocked bar.

THE COOLEST GLASS OF BEER IN THE CITY.

JOHN APPICH,
Beer, Whiskey
AND Wine Merchant,
1809 11TH STREET, S. E.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Oakmont and Silver Brook Whiskies
—A SPECIALTY.—

Augustus Burgdorf Co.,

Cabinet Making and Upholstering,
Decorating and Painting.

2009 Seventh St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

...WALMER'S...
VETERINARY HOSPITAL.
Calls will receive prompt attention.
1072 32D STREET N. W.,
Washington, D. C.
Tel. W. 64 D.

Now is the Time... TO BUY YOUR ...Spring Tonic.

PAGES SARSAPARILLA
Is an old famous Blood Tonic. Price 60c large bottle.
ALL PATENT MEDICINES
Sold at Cut Rate prices.
We have the finest line of assorted TRUSSES, fitted by an expert and warranted. Lady and gentleman attendant.
STANDARD PERFUMES.
All makes and kinds at bottom prices.
COOPER'S HAIR SUCCESS.
The finest preparation and tonic for the hair. Sure cure for dandruff. Stops hair from falling. Produces new growth. Price 50c. bottle.
Telephone and mail orders promptly attended to.

The Modern Pharmacy,
F. J. DIEUDONNE & SON,
11th and F Sts. N. W.
Phone 900.

AUGUSTUS BURGDORF CO.,

...FURNISHING...
Undertaker & Embalmer,
2009 Seventh St. N. W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

EDWARD L. GIES,
Attorney - at - Law,
Rooms 22 and 23 Warder Building,
S. E. Cor. F and 9th Streets N. W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

B. F. CHINN,
Dyeing & Hair-Dressing
—SALOON—
East Side Maryland Ave.,
Hyattsville, Maryland.

SUBURBAN ASSOCIATIONS.

List of Officers Together With Time and Place of Meeting.

IN THE ALTER OF THESE ASSOCIATIONS THE FIRES ARE BURNING FOR ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE SUBURBS.

Citizens' Northwest Suburban Association.

Meetings are Held the First Friday Evening in Each Month in the Town Hall, Tenleytown, D. C.

OFFICERS:

President, Charles C. Lancaster; 1st Vice-President, Col. Robt. I. Fleming; 2nd Vice-President, Hon. John B. Henderson; 3rd Vice-President, John Sherman; 4th Vice-President, Rev. Joseph C. Mallon; 5th Vice-President, Rev. J. McBride Sterrett; Secretary, Dr. J. W. Chappell; Treasurer, Charles R. Morgan; Chairman Executive Committee, Louis P. Shoemaker.

Total Membership about 150.

Brightwood Avenue Citizens' Association.

Meetings are Held the Second Friday Evening in Each Month in Brightwood Hall.

OFFICERS:

President, Louis P. Shoemaker; 1st Vice-President, Wilton J. Lamberg; 2d Vice-President, N. E. Robinson; 3d Vice-President, Thomas Hagden; 4th Vice-President, Dr. Henry Darling; Secretary, John G. Keene; Treasurer, N. E. Robinson.

Total Membership about 200.

North Capital and Eckington Citizens' Association.

Meetings are Held the Fourth Monday Evening in Each Month in the Church of the United Brethren, Corner North Capital and R Streets.

OFFICERS:

President, Irwin B. Linton; Vice President, Washington Topham; Treasurer, W. W. Porter; Secretary, A. O. Tingle; Executive Committee The officers and Messrs. Jay F. Bancroft, Theo. T. Moore and W. J. Fowler.

Total Membership about 280.

Takoma Park Citizens' Association.

Meetings are Held the Last Friday Evening in Each Month in the Town Hall, Takoma Park, D. C.

OFFICERS:

President, J. B. Kinnear; Vice-President, J. Vance Secretary, Benj. G. Davis; Treasurer, G. F. Williams.

Total Membership about 100.

QUICK RESULTS.

N. Studer's seasonable announcement on 8th page appeared for the first time in our issue of Saturday, Nov. 3, 1900, and the responses were so prompt that on Tuesday, Nov. 6, he wrote the editor as follows:

Anacostia, D. C., Nov. 6, 1900.
Dear Sir:—Come over to-morrow. People want already more information in regard to varieties of stock, hence I will have to alter the ad.

Yours,
N. STUDER.

On Wednesday he ordered a much larger display adv., which will appear next week. Any square business man, who has something to offer that suburban people want, can use these columns to his financial advantage.

...THE LETTER...

Mr. W. A. Hahn,
Prop. Hahn's Reliable Dye House,
705 Ninth Street, N. W.

Dear Sir:—We find you have been advertising in our columns constantly since July, 1890, when this paper was established.

You are the only business man who was with us then and still remains with us and since you have been advertising in our columns continuously for a period of more than ten years we naturally have a curiosity to know how well you are satisfied with the publicity we have given you.

Respectfully yours,
THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

THE REPLY.

Editor Suburban Citizen.
Dear Sir:—In answer to your request I will say I am very well satisfied with results from my adv. in your paper. The fact of my adv. being in your paper for over ten years speaks for itself.

Respectfully,
W. A. HAHN,
705 Ninth Street N. W.

A Pointer.—When you order goods from Hartig, the hardware man, 509 H St., N. E., they come the same day. There is no delay like there is in cases where goods are ordered from Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago or other foreign houses.